

o•blēk



o·blēk

In the beginning was the word, but you are mute like a fish.
from *The Sacrifice* by Andrey Tarkofsky

°oblique (*o•blēk*) *Naut.* 1706 PHILLIPS *Oblique Sailing* (among Sea-men), is when a Ship runs upon some Rhumb, between any of the four Cardinal Points, and makes an Oblique Angle with the Meridian. 1867 SMYTH *Sailor's Word—bk*, *Oblique Sailing*, is the reduction of the position of the ship from the various courses made good, oblique to the meridian or parallel of latitude.

o•blēk/6

A JOURNAL OF LANGUAGE ARTS

EDITED BY
PETER GIZZI AND CONNELL McGRATH



THE GARLIC PRESS

o•blēk

Editors: PETER GIZZI
CONNELL MCGRATH

Design: CATHARYN TIVY

Many thanks to:
Alice Notley, Kristin Heming, Rosmarie Waldrop

o•blēk is distributed by Bernhard DeBoer, Small Press
Distribution, and Segue.

All manuscripts should be accompanied by a self-
addressed, stamped envelope. Please allow us some time
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o•blēk
Box 1242
Stockbridge, MA 01262

This issue is made possible by donations from:
The Fund for Poetry
Thomas & Diahn McGrath

o•blēk is published by The Garlic Press which is a not-
for-profit, tax-exempt corporation. Contributions to this
publication are welcome and fully tax deductible.

Founding Patrons:
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Cover by Brian Schorn, Untitled, Photograph, 1989

Glyptotek by Jim Dine, Intaglio Print Series, 1988



Then prayed I many a prayer to the sickly death's-heads;
As set in Ithaca, sterile bulls of the best
For sacrifice, heaping the pyre with goods,
A sheep to Tiresias only, black and a bell-sheep.
Dark blood flowed in the fosse,
Souls out of Erebus, cadaverous dead, of brides
Of youths and of the old who had borne much;
Souls stained with recent tears, girls tender,
Men many, mauled with bronze lance heads,
Battle spoil, bearing yet dreory arms,
These many crowded about me; with shouting,
Pallor upon me, cried to my men for more beasts;
Slaughtered the herds, sheep slain of bronze;
Poured ointment, cried to the gods,
To Pluto the strong, and praised Proserpine;
Unsheathed the narrow sword,
I sat to keep off the impetuous impotent dead,
Till I should hear Tiresias.

from Canto I, Ezra Pound



JOAN RETALLACK

JAPANESE PRESENTATION, I & II

are inadvertant Rengas *Izubuchi says Pound's poems*

goat-foot choros the

not a ray

not a

spare disc

pale foot

this is the first time

(direct quotation of passage)

he might when the fisherman hesitates

be deceived

doubt is immortal

sunlight

compared with

not complete sense

no deceit in heaven

which enables the wearer

point of contact

act of forgiveness

again
after
an attempt
consolation
divine comedy
neither feather nor flame
which is actually
a holy mountain in Buddhism
tree connects heaven & earth
oak olive katura

life)
(to summarize Pound's whole

inspiteof
hear the wind speak
a pretty look in her eyes
at the mercy of the wind blow

ing

post-humous

pine spruce
eternal voice
a corona of angels
a drama in which:

/he/ suddenly recalled Buddhist rule /to/
abstain from drinking

/he/ declines the drink from /the/
wedding cup

/to/ join the two traditions /to/get/her/

Dante met Beatrice
(bitter memory discarded)
though his body remained on the earth
& wept in the rain

ROBERT CREELEY

HELSINKI WINDOW

for Anselm Hollo

Go out into brightened
space out there the fainter
yellowish place it
makes for eye to enter out
to greyed penumbra all the
way to thoughtful searching
sight of all beyond that
solid red both brick and seeming
metal roof or higher black
beyond the genial slope I
look at daily house top on
my own way up to heaven.

•

Same roof, light's gone
down back of it, behind
the crying end of day, "I
need something to do," it's
been again those other
things, what's out there,
sodden edge of sea's
bay, city's graveyard, park
deserted, flattened aspect,
leaves gone colored fall
to sidewalk, street, the end
of all these days but
still this regal light.



Trees stripped, rather shed
of leaves, the black solid trunks up
to fibrous mesh of smaller
branches, it is weather's window,
weather's particular echo, here
as if this place had been once,
now vacant, a door that had had
hinges swung in air's peculiar
emptiness, greyed, slumped elsewhere,
asphalt blank of sidewalks, line of
linearly absolute black metal fence.



Old sky freshened with cloud bulk
slides over frame of window the
shadings of softened greys a light
of air up out of this dense high
structured enclosure of buildings
top or pushed up flat of bricked roof
frame I love *I love* the safety of
small world this door frame back
of me the panes of simple glass yet
airy up sweep of birch trees sit in
flat below all designation declaration
here as clouds move so simply away.



Windows now lit close out the
upper dark the night's a face
three eyes far fainter than
the day all faced with light
inside the room makes eye re-
flective see the common world
as one again no outside coming
in no more than walls and post-
card pictures place faces across
that cautious dark the tree no
longer seen more than black edge
close branches somehow still between.



He was at the edge of this
reflective echo the words blown
back in air a bubble of suddenly
apparent person who walked to
sit down by the familiar brook and
thought about his fading life
all "fading life" in tremulous airy
perspect saw it hover in the surface
of that moving darkness at the edge
of sun's passing water's sudden depth
his own hands' knotted surface the
sounding in himself of some other.

•

One forty five afternoon red
car parked left hand side
of street no distinguishing
feature still wet day a bicycle
across the way a green door-
way with arched upper window
a backyard edge of back wall
to enclosed alley low down small
windows and two other cars green
and blue parked too and miles
and more miles still to go.

•

This early still sunless morning when a chair's
creak translates to cat's cry a blackness still
out the window might be apparent night when the
house still sleeping behind me seems a bag of
immense empty silence and I feel the children
still breathing still shifting their dreams an
enigma will soon arrive here and the loved one
centers all in her heavy sleeping arm out the
leg pushed down bedclothes this body unseen un-
known placed out there in night I can feel all
about me still sitting in this small spare pool of
light watching the letters the words try to speak.



Classic emptiness it
sits out there edge of
heirarchic roof top it
marks with acid fine edge
of apparent difference it
is *there* here *here* that
sky so up and out and where
it wants to be no birds no
other thing can for a
moment distract it be
beyond its simple space.

TERREL D. HALE

FROM *GASHES IN THE WINDOW SHADES*

une destruction partielle de sa machination et
dénaturé de sa cohérence

touching the white shape of morning and where
the habits of night have their long pretty
postludes there on a view you pull the air
with a twist of familiarity
we begin the thousand monitors which
make the vacation of holidays more
than proletarian (Ivanovich
working the yellow sun into the floor)
night keeps bouncing counting all dark lines blue
and crossing the start to finish but if
the porch light of innocence ever through
any fault of it's own claimed midnight stiff
or useless to the grace of white breeze
morning would upon us still with her ease.

dans sa diversité stylé

clean as a dream face and maneuvering
like a nature dance of fowl when colors
pull the movement into a shimmering
night keeps in the head and for the morning
we have tranquility recollected
over and over go the lines to face
the desire made on an infected
heart the night keeps waking could sleep erase
in this love this that brings the true accent
to familiar sentences the dream
slips into as something that god once sent
to warn the famine of intent, we seem
so small now to the possibility
and yet ever mean dream's eternity.

la grande serre du jardin

and the last purposes to cover all
in the short monument of form or yet
the indubious ways to better call
or confront the eternal with a set
of eternities asking the purpose
themselves and completely fearless of most
stepping noises precluding the spring for us
in a grand way with a preaching host
of an intent to smooth the listing hours
kept back by reason of a stale year
or worse yet, modulations of powers
stripped bare of remorse and hurrying fear
off to something never known in waking,
pearls of waking just to keep back our spring.

le jardin italien

too much the closing night makes pillows catch
and shadow songs are passing time along
the walls, you close your eyes and stand to match
the pink furrows of line when morning's wrong
or some more further green leaf arabesque
becomes calling birds in tenements of
god placing faith and in their angry mask
they draw god's song so twisted with love
of hoping, a mask towards some further light
that they have since kept distant relatives
ringing and now you have or maybe might
leave our garden dying from what it gives
back, a certain song which the nights release.

porcelain gestures the heart leaps out of

this time a certain elegance of chance
cannot mean or bother any passing
baroque sounds made on wall and our lives dance
the sad little volumes of a word clean
and shared by the illuminist why we
have taken as motto for the stars or
god or ocean blasting we still can't see
and light, power or waves upon the floor
are needing all to blue we hug their shape
tomorrow never brings but in a storm
catching at our innocence like a drop
of naked desperation and such form
calls us back to sequences of loving
and finds us one last fragile grasp to sing.

un renversement de tendance

the dark eyes looking for their shadow in
too many wild stones built to last a
forever, look and hear their yielding grin
the forest brings together for to stay
would mean so much more where we have begun
primarily the dark ways of our need
and captured demise television
or advertises the meeting of greed
with civilized cotton and a parasol
to keep the sun off of the forest floor
and keep the colors back from grey until
all eyes drink the forest for something more
meant to foster loveliness and smiles for
all the while of an lonely folklore.

rivers of light

some sort of synonym for the ticking
comfort coming out of what we only
decide in the light impossible thing
once decided and once left to die, we
roll our own carts of empty line, lies
like morning in tennis shoes and grey caps—
a brief case looking, duty improvise
to the whole thing starting now as time wraps
the final accent on a dusty pigeon
hole to place the work neatly we cannot
agree with more and the attempt is one
thing but surely missing here and we ought
to at least try the acrobatics one
more time surely to win as we have won.

un amant remarquable

always the fear of too much regard now
here with the falling of ordinary
shadow a sort of freedom meant below
the window's frame of Lazarus and see
his wicked righteousness beam the brighter
for his wounds or maybe more we do not
care, our willow ways in summer love her
temperament and disastrous to caught
air breathing to the very gauze that time
wraps in and here we cannot be, we can't
simply unwrap the mantels of love I'm
convinced and could not even try the rant
of raging maelstroms in such humid fear
lasting much longer than a noiseless tear.

à base de tempera à l'oeuf

when the reams of singing come to bury
the industrious circuits of god's clean
apartment, tell me prophets of the sea
do wild weeds dance in white to a moon's lean
gossamer, who could count his spice and make
the holy bread of righteousness give more
who could, of course this time is for the sake
the glass must always carry off our floor
we see god through unzipping the praying
magnitudes of light and winging holy
incursions from a slight form of singing
holy, holy monument to air we
give in refuge of god's flight, come, sing all
glory to his name the echoes let fall.

TED BERRIGAN

SEVEN POEMS

OLD MOON

I can't sleep walking through walls
taking pleasure in nothing of either of us
losing shape in room clock lamp air
heavy & the inverse who now may see desire

hovering over the body, lifting, diminish
down into oversize misshaper head-size, inside
thin down to the fine bright line of white light
across under distant locked door too far for human feet

although your face stays, while I can will, & perform
in the same way that this is performance
you give it body, that face, and it is your body
it is yours & makes my own return

marks my own return striped with red, eyes, and lashes
that are stretch-marks breathing against your lashes.

MEMORIES ARE MADE OF THIS

Mistress isn't used much in poetry these days.

Comrade isn't used much in poetry these days.

Moxie isn't used much in poetry these days.

The Spring Monsoons isn't used much in poetry these days,
which is a shame.

Doubloons isn't used much in poetry these days.

I'm not blue, I'm just feeling a little bit lonesome for some
love again, isn't used much in poetry these days,

O Ghost Who Walks, Boom-lay, Boom-lay, Boomlay, Boom!
isn't used much in poetry these days.

&, I will gather stars, out of the blue, for you, isn't used much
in poetry these days.

Now, "I've got a guy" isn't used much in poetry these days

And, "Tweet-tweet!" isn't used much in poetry these days, at
least not at all in its code meaning, which was "Eat my
Birdie!"

Me & Brother Bill Went Hunting isn't used much in poetry
these days,

& Uijongbu sure isn't used much in poetry these days (sigh!).

Oh well, Mary McGinnis isn't used much in poetry these days,
just like, & I have to say it,

"Brigadoon" isn't used much in poetry these days.

25 Mar 80

A SPANISH TRAGEDY

He's literally a shambles as a person
who is in a responsible position Hanging
by a thread in one of the rooms of his
house Essentially what she is doing skitters
off into the air so slovenly that the most
fragmented shell does it to him & he does it
right back to her. This reminds me of cynical
& other good things that are totally pretentious
but sort of hold water so I absolutely won't
lift a finger why should I? to help these Four
Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

20 July 78

ROUND ABOUT OSCAR

for Steve Carey

Reality is the totality of all things possessing Actuality
Existence, or Essence. Ergo, nowhere one goes
Will one ever be away enough
From wherever one was. The tracks lead uphill.
Power sits heavily for us on those we've grown up with.

However,

Uphill tracks usually offer good views, after a while,
While the answer to what's new is, often, an
Indictment of an intolerable situation.

HOGS SIZE DISTURBS SYCAMORES. BRUINS

DEVOUR MAPLE LEAFS. STEEL CURTAIN FALLS ON HOUSTON.

COWBOY DUO RIDES RAMS INTO SUNSET. Quality tells.

Absolute quality tells absolutely nothing.

17 Sept 80

NORMAL DEPTH EXCEEDS SPECIFIED VALUE

20th Century man strives toward the unfinished-machine exalted state.
Do not judge a man by his actions.

Birds cannot express the satisfaction I feel.
Happiness is often a rebound from hard work.

So, let us draw the patterns from the particulars—
In a pig's butt!

Americans emphasize genius over discipline
& it isn't going to work:

the temptation to remain alone in the house . . .
to live Revolution his own way on a day-to-day basis . . .

If you're not out in 5 minutes, we're going to burn the place down!
. . . Never act one-on-one with a co-actor.

The past six months every knock on the door
has been someone in anguish . . .

24 Sept 77

BODY OF A FEMALE

for Dick Gallup

be spared our rocket sperm
I too thought about the bomb
in my giant prophylactic spring drum
canine virility

tight pants light up
old jokes short lyric
I have been afraid to wolf it all up

truss teachers marbles
with my own dead bulk
preserved in a movie:
body of Wallace Stevens.
Old Hecuba. Sail into afterworlds
of lunch. Desire paper, dance.
Suck out the red blues dream.
Take down these pants.
Muscle in, pedal. Please return.

21 Nov 80

THIN BREAST DOOM

"That's really beautiful! 'thin breast doom.' How'd ya ever think of that?"

— Philip Whalen

I have these great dreams, like
Sailing up on a lift, & then riding a bicycle
Down through a flaming basket. I have the dream at night
& the sailing in the dream is exactly what
I would be doing the next day. "Fuck, I'm never
Going to make my way." Right. But it's a beautiful feeling
To outdo your own misjudgements in the air.

That's what happens to people who died.

It slows things down instead of making them hectic
& frantic. "I'm not going to be careful anymore."
I can see all my people flow by so slowly. But
I'm still addicted to consciousness, tho I've probably
Only been conscious once in the last six years. But
I am conscious, that's for sure. Plus, Purity.
Purity means that you have something up
Your sleeve besides a right or a left arm. My
Arms are shot but my something is not. Because
It's something I learned when I was in a state.

I may have been in a state, but it was my state,
I even gave it a name: New York. Most people are in other
York, they aren't even in Old York yet, let alone York.

If your new light is intact, your vision is in the tunnel
& your decay has got to keep moving when it's near the abyss
(move your head). The world sucks, & everything is fucked up
But just do your best within without and you try to get along
Because in impure light things are coming apart because
You have something to move toward and you are in a state:

Don't get rich
Don't understand through the heart
Don't strain your music with verbal skill
 but when you hear certain counterpoint
Don't try to fool the fist that's tightening
 right beneath your heart
Don't lay back, look pretty, & strike a pose
Don't be a fool; be Showbiz naturally, &

Give everyone a chance to regroup. Use your bag of tricks.
Generosity is easy, that doesn't mean it's bad. But

Don't show up all substance & polish unless you can stop, look,
 listen, & then take off
Taking at least one image away. Everyone has a right to be
 judged by their best.
Be dumb enough to actually like it. Don't worry about Nuclear
 War. You won't get killed.

2 Feb 80



JOHN ASH

SEVERAL ROMANTIC NOVELS

Before the body that almost destroyed them, masters of
eloquence gape merely.
There are no words for this, or too many words that never
quite fit,—
each a Cinderella's shoe to these blunt objects of sense.

Exempla:

The door opened with a sigh. You had forgotten you had left it
unlocked,—
and at the dark end, like a funnel, of such a cold day! This is
something to be watched,
yet negligence can allow sudden reversals into summer heat
even as winter advances:
a cardinal attempts, with its one steel note, to stitch the garden
back together,
fastening a geranium to a shirt of snow. But the bird stays
hidden.
Does it matter who entered? His arrival is, anyway, a gust,
pushing you back
into a chamber of distorted perspective, of distorting mirrors,
and the one
who has arrived follows, becomes concentrated like a pillar
while *your* body disperses,
a hand like a torn flag, an eye big as a geographer's globe,
your neck
as a leaning tower about to fall into as many pieces as there
are leaves on the unswept lawn.

How long can this shuddering continue? The autumn slows.
The hours cannot withstand it.
It travels under the skin of highways whose trees seem studded
with garnets, with blood-droplets;
even the truck-stops are quaking, and the prairie of the dog
convulses into ravines
vaulted by fire, floored with glass, until you arrive at the
summit of a rock formation
resembling a steamboat, but some miles from any river.

Below (below deck)

a thousand, fabulous dinner parties are in progress and,
unaware
of what is happening to the landscape, your host proffers, in
greeting, his wooden hand.
He is a stranger to you, as are all his guests so happily
absorbed in
the convivial mood-music and margaritas when, to you, it
seems time
to talk of *the irrational*, time to make an opera out of the
earthquake,
even as the prongs penetrate the breasts of the enormous dead
bird,
and some damned Vivaldi concerto stutters into life like a
knitting machine.
The urge to shout 'Fire!', or at least, 'Look, *I'm* on fire!'
becomes irresistible,
yet, in truth, these are the kindest and most charming of
people,— so
much so that I think all their children must be chamber-
musicians—
and this is the kindest and most charming of towns, a town of
porch-swings and pumpkin-lanterns,

wherein the most deviant perspectives, the most grotesque
peccadilloes are
tethered securely to the gold cupola of the capitol. There is
nothing to fear,
the citizens are on watch and will surely return the scattered
parts of your body
should they find them: "I recognize this, sir, as your penis.
You left it
on a bench in the mall close by a cut-price shoe-outlet, I
believe." So
perhaps it is O.K. to leave your door ajar again if that is your
mood,
only remember there are some violent natural phenomena that
take the form of men or women. (*He* was a cyclone at least;
he has returned
to a remote state with a name like that of sexual lubricant.)
Other
instances might be offered of which the scream of a damaged
car-heater
would be one, but for now what you had thought forgotten
covers the occasion like a mantel—
evening assuming a profounder blue, the dead awaking in a
glance,
and it is time to be attentive, watching for the apparition of a
red bird,
for the green bowl of the garden to fill with snow. There
remains
the no one who came and the no one who departed, his
growing legend.

JACQUELINE RISSET

NINE POEMS OF MNEMOSYNE

translated from the French by
Rosmarie Waldrop

I

If I stir my pen in /
the inkwell
my muddled and fearful head /
to write,
—again, she says,
again cross this threshold
why push me again,
Double Naught?

—muddled empty head
—heavy army of words

Give in to the blow that kills
Me and my soul / a flowering
—who makes decisions here?

just then a bird starts singing
and she
comes forward

Forgetting her job of forgetfulness
she brings
ah music, ah words
she says
we are . . .

II

If this silent woman
I paint
she goes by
on this side on that
memoria turned trace
in space
Whence space
put in outer

—but in turn insists on
Belluine:
chases
her own horses

So:
let us too chase these novel beasts

playing and
forgetting

At dawn all at once:
blushes
goes by

III

outside / inside

the weather starts to spoil
with little noises from the hill
the house the valley

outside equals: present
and the heap of images
in the head drinking
and waiting their turn
when enter Ulysses:

inside equals: past

but at the same time the little noises of the body
new images, never seen,
in formation:

now it's the inside: present
and the likeness of hills
valleys houses and their voices
familiar:

the outside means the past
equals: inside

looks at paintings of her child's death
on an island
muddled still in this maze

lets the melody crop out
and take form
with these edges
and little by little
 burst forth

—it's the burst she wants
—burst that kills her
voice that believes
it was born of nothing

Yes—born of nothing
nothing
a voice that is pure
future

IV

what she suddenly understands
in these hills
is the presence of the moon
the moon so familiar
to eyes that have been alone here
bruised body
writing and watching here
forbidden to budge by grown-ups
avenged by the moon
having found this winning combination
eye mouth moon feather
Whence the elsewhere
now always here she just
snaps her finger and it arrives
under father's very nose
in the library
and the library open
volumes in cahoots, instant opening
outdoing all fathers
on their own pages

—a laugh close by on the hill
nobody laughs as softly as you,
Giacomo Leopardi, or as close

V

He says he has a ewe I have seen
can hardly carry her teats
so full of milk
chews her cud the grass she's browsed
under a very high rock
doesn't belong to a herd
can't get used to a farm
comes on her own, nobody milks her by force

I'm waiting for her, he says
hands ready
to milk

He says he's washed in the water
of poetry
and is full to the brim with milk
that sings
he says he hears calling

VI .

inside someone says no
“no no”
“what do you want?”

who wishes to make an effort
wishes he could see the sun rise
point by point
step by step

Stops

Well then carry me
let the yes carry its claim
engrossing transport and strong music
gloria gloria Wort oblivion

VII

Wild goose and swan
we'll couple in flight

give birth
to:

black-winged
winged victory's daughter

who will bow to the other woman
fear her mother / who punishes when hurt

—torments when playing
—punishes when hurt

chooses the first
and betrays with a laugh

VIII

If I tell him:
sometime after my very first games
there was a cut
a hurt
and I try to find where

so:
from the linden to music
to bicycle
and sand
with laughs and soft cries among leaves

where?
trying to find how far back images
can stand on their own:
early infancy:
edge of a rug, paper . . .

— sitting in a vase a moment
on the terrace on all fours
mouth full of pins

hurt
ah!
this early!
and for how long?

IX

memory cut off did the two girls
find a place to sleep?

this path the garden where we're walking

Voice straight from a dream :

I thought I had traveled far
I woke there was still the same house
the very same details after so many years
children come through the garden
the same as before
though a bit taller
I've just got here what country is this

Somebody goes by

you see the laurel will flower if watered
you see the white page worked
by a poem's black signs

no one but m and me, under the oaktree,
we said and laughed . . .



STEVE BENSON

FROM *REVERSE ORDER*

As sincerely as possible
plans declare war and destroy one another
what he doesn't know
open like a giant sack
indistinguishable from the name brand
packaging on top of that
a silence remote as the tomb
am I a legend, or another?
forced onto the wrong time frame
antique stationary for a hat

Antique statuary focusing
the time worked over or the heart
one legendary outer bark
silent in the face of a deafening
tomb resounding through transparent packaging
indistinct, whether the same trash brand
falling open, a nylon burlap sack
unknowable, hence still unknown
but planning to destroy war forever
as sincerely as possible

if you tell the truth immediately
among plagues and warnings of
destruction of the yet unknown
materials waving us helplessly
in the face that disappears behind behind
one name, a name surrounded
by a transplant, a silent tubular core
spontaneously run through repetition
time framed a center of the city
settling principles aflame in glass

the principles get the gas here
cars repelling steer along the highway
they need to replace the ring round
the bath with a cleaner mystery
sweat stains and odors in the shirts
because he's edging forward busily
cooking white fish tunny the long way
sheer till it strips magically consumed
the meaning that once had been ascribed
to an action shrivels into flakes

I never take off; you stay for supper:
intentional edges. A “low class” kind of
metal stinger flicking idly at depression,
whipping up the argumentative sycophants,
swords insulated, a trick mesh awkwardly
rehashed in memory, a specter exile dully strips.
Who wanted *us* there? One wonders and sticks
out, flapping sounds shut flat. Witches
warm themselves, not one another, not you,
since they watch, lost, ourselves absent.

I’m gone, while others, lost, remain behind.
I get closer, and emotion intensifies, because
the others confuse words for trash. Crumby time
keeps someone coming in here half-undressed,
and memory loves it, an hallucinatory derangement
duped into immobility. The fighting impulse sticks.
Blotches of chaos stomp over pale-faced specks,
thinking caps flicking out heroic sparks, scarcely
considering their limitations. Eventually we
collapse these energies so we can eat in peace.

LEW DALY

NORTH OF ELEVATOR

the main part of light onto the body
when hanged in glasses of river
the body produces hooks from the dark and amounts of
dropcloth
we plant the tents to deflect the trail north
of the elevator in the soil and skeins of cord
inside we see when the panels open and when we look
we look when we've been steadied at the number of windows
blinking out and blinking
a belief says the rocks in tow may still disable scissors ahead
in the middle of announcements combining
to the inanimacy of the air revolves the door
into thinness though the filming by stretches of coast
of resting motors pans to first kisses in a solid
they hand out the birthday on lightbulbs
imagine we are the center of our rapture at the opening
the way we are the way we will act behind glass in a plan
of the lid floating by twos off the insect lightning
to apply a color before one's reflection
is thoughtless unlocked and the clockwork is
worthless latching on at the edge bins
though we feign sorting the lumber in clouds

he has waited and made guises of giant penmanship: to sit elementally, conduct placid sounds and make theater the ducking of imaginary projectiles. in such magical environs a seige is of rather temperate christening, the body too somewhat clement, a retraction into blots and clips. he requires some assistance in the appellation of his motion, or, 'swattings', but is assisted off the freeway. the glass is face down in the streamers, but unable to cover him completely and is thus described, in terms of the ironic mechanics of surface, as a production of ironic materials, quite plush, and defensively to which their caricature remains in germane position, which he titles 'glass hunchbacking'. there is a barrack simultaneous with rooms in which the people stand below their hats failing to remember it is still rain, not just water, or slippery, and it is still today. this has not been proven a feeling, serene and olden, unordered, circling hind.

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parsimony at the intersection when we haven't strung
to correctly with ribbon the environment between us
thus we walk over the cameras this for a stretch
switching poses struck ladling presents of fluid we
tiny standing gable cameras in our hands at least as
the film begins rewinding straps of picture off throats
quietly they press one someones hands on the motor
the feeling of is equivalent sirens longer the moment
we make we divide canteens pretended stars the water
is beautiful but spilling and tree sills drop covers on
the buttercups gaslights on darkest covers the end of
our information morning blew into motors rattle on
we fail to pull them from the river or so beatific the
memory of faces reaching inside them from our heads
although look strangely to the bend for radiance when
so much turning here in summer on the rotisserie

less than bees them in regardless
the valuably stricken from
record pastels or not

is the lone hub enough
wheels considering not how how exaggerated
in the spokes an arm can appear per miniature

dollar traded in an arbor
speaking of solar toppling

struck feeling in the island size
unseen in capsuled andante that forever

elusive and sit in
pieces are you not
there even icy
under landscape rest
dams furnished

at the dream cabinet
door one stamps
still crying names

not of stars we had
seen them see up
stairs in one pond
lifted faintly
boat halflanding

had shape been more delicate than eyes in its clandestinity.as the difference light was dipped into our waists for stings. if you can imagine you will swallow a cloud, justify the uncountenance with which you retard your shadow. the operator finished his name and hauled it into private, keeping one elevator beautiful, one part of his body solemn. tipping the guest onto an incorrect floor, a spine of visits, the operator told few stories he ever saw. the guest had managed the thought. what in the structure and can actually crash feelings is fled from? for what at the outset of his recent past fell a mediated plan to emerge in buildings into place. modern looking, the operator would not sell a peony for less than anyone wouldn't pay for it, but made a conditional gift of one to the guest on his way pell-mell where he was positive. each time being a series, enclosed, solved and their patients. had there been the non-electric light the guest kept reserved for discoveries of indiscreet clanks of his heart, of course the doors would have pre-opened and the incising within would have lost that original resulting sound of violins. as it was the air was so dislodged there was sudden entrance after sudden entrance of the speechless guest. but would be white from the start, honing, rather than burning, into nothing. the

patients, reiterating the recent deaths of two mice in the poison hotel, tilled the key and disturbing moments per concentric solution, as did the operator the injuries to his great parallelogram child's head. the guest, it appears, did not regard the condition of his peony, that he not only tap free the petals in miraculous haste but that he also divide the ovary into enough pleasing dioramas for all unalooof from the slightest newcomer to have one to grope at and cherish. hence the award for "best reaction to a surprise." horizontal majesty as in boatfins much to our relief, years fifty was very few feet of bandage



alarms moon to estimation

autumn in body gun, primal

alarms jostle linking, a puppets gyration

on vanes, not in fact the bottom of sorry

but presented, pretend-lifting



KEITH WALDROP

LOOMING
COMPETING DEPTH
THE SEA-FIGHT TOMORROW
POORLY GROUNDED NOTIONS

LOOMING

Afraid of a jack-in-the-box, sudden
approaches, loud voices, mere
strangeness. Your room still darkened and you
still on the couch. Above all, fear
of the dark. And in the dark, alone.

Fear of calamity—fire, flood,
murder—allows the vaguer
anxieties to settle. In this house, nothing
green survives. Fear
as a matter of taste.

Fear of gold rims, wrinkles, or an unexpected
noise. Attacked or overwhelmed by
an object rapidly advancing. Indian
file, towards the spiral staircase. Frightened,
thinking you just might go.

Fear of strangers. The plant you
left me, in its tinsel-wrapped
pot—two days later it
died like a discovery. Fear
of illness, damage, death.

Wariness. Distress. Terrible confessions
of past crimes, shocking proofs, or secret
wickedness. The upper hinge gives way. We wander
one garden after another. Glad rather than
ill, maybe, from this loss of memory.

COMPETING DEPTH

As the wave reaches the church, it
separates right and left and the edifice
is embraced. Confabulation fills the gap.

Still, the sound-shadow is only partial. Errors
in recognizing the surroundings are
paralleled by misjudgements of time and trouble.

The pulse advances, squeezes the particles together. Meaningless patterns distorted,
so as to make them look familiar.

When a long sea-roller meets an isolated
rock in its passage, it rises against the rock,
clasps it all around. Past events, pushed.

THE SEA-FIGHT TOMORROW

Afraid to take a chance. They
pass haphazardly in all directions.
Diving into his car. Or yours.

Are there no strangers in town?
Entering, leaving, crossing. I
cross to the window and wave.

Everybody looks alike. Pyramids.
It must be somebody who
has a house in the country.

He said he would. Characteristic
kinesthetic and tactile deficits on opposite
sides of the body. Something clicked somewhere.

It's got to be airtight on
the other end. The butterfly-shaped
central gray. Who is this man?

It was a restful ride. The transition
gradual, without sharp
demarcation. The house was full of pictures.

The night man was gone. Important
changes from level to level. I
pretend to listen.

POORLY GROUNDED NOTIONS

And an inability to comprehend the flow of time. We need only think of statements by everybody. I cannot call myself myself. Up to this point, the dreamer is dreaming, but now his dream begins. Unities of recollection, separate from one another. Thus in this present world, there are different injuries.

I never hear them. They come uninvited. Silver tissue. Garlands between them. Any activity may produce music. Aware of their existence as an awareness of losing their sense of existence: vague, general, nameless, like a nothing or the absolute. I am dead. I am not alive, a music of exceeding shrillness.

May be pleasantly illustrated in the following way. Light on his head. Felicitous, contains some fabrication. I am forced to shout out, trace failure to the stage when plans are construed. I see a table before me. I am reminded of another table. I place table beside table. Separate worlds. In what sense are we talking?



CLAUDE ROYET-JOURNOUD

ERROR IN LOCALISATION OF EVENTS IN TIME

translated from the French by
Keith Waldrop

the back
the ramification of nerves
all this blue breaking in

the child with no memory
plants a finger in the ground

pre-dawn retires
only one performance for the chorus

on the inside a smooth surface
it's walls that make empty space

the event took place as they predicted

facing objects in full light . . .

an acquiescence
an arm of the sea

as if this bulk could take the other's place

even hunger is unaware
what defines the obscure

he enters from the left

money comes afterwards
to a motor's regular throb

the ladders number three

the day
the same one we'd suppose
begins here in the room
without regard

the air
serves as table
as wall

why wait

and if
by leaps and bounds
in the practice of fire

.

and if
each day
the hearthstone is at the base
the beauty of certain places
 strength descending into the body
or confusion caused by the image

someone
subjects her to his distance

nothing but light
before surrender

I come into your breathing

it's your life

my sole function's not to budge

knife

 near the margin
that should be easy
but the head proceeds towards other things
nothing begins

I take him for what he is
a body astray
 in an excess of light

 the sense of his own hand
of what

under the noise
wait no longer
nerve
 barely

he is dead in the sentence
cold reaches its target

she speaks blackwards
no image will remain
a blind ball strikes the walls noiselessly
grass is uncertain like the color and
the stifling of numbers

t h e y h a v e t h e i r j o b

she (memory) with one stroke

effects separation

on the inside

heads driven into the ground

after more truth

sleep stashed among the branches

here

water resounds between walls

tree and meaning

back turned we foretell the flash

a life crammed into blackness
when the mouth says *maybe*

GEORG TRAKL

REVELATION AND DECLINE

translated from the German by
Keith Waldrop

Strange are the paths of mankind in the night. Somnambulist, I moved through stony rooms, and in each there burned a quiet little lamp in a copper bracket. And here, freezing, I sank onto a couch—across its head the stranger casting again her dark shadow—and wordless I hid my face in unsteady hands. And at the window, the hyacinth had blossomed blue and ancient prayers issued from the mortal creature's livid lips—from under eyelids crystal tears, shed over a bitter world. In that hour was I the pale son of my father's death. In blue gusts a night wind came from the hill, mother's dark complaint—dying away again—and I saw the black hell in my heart: a moment of resplendent stillness. An ineffable figure came indistinctly out of the chalky wall, a young man dying, in the beauty of a race going to seed. White like the moon, cold stones surrounded my sleepless temples; shadowy footsteps faded from ruined stairs, a ring-a-round-a-rosy in garden plot.—

Silent I sat in the deserted bar under smoked-up rafters, lonely over my wine, a phosphorescent corpse over a shadow—and a dead lamb lay at my feet. Out of the tainted blue stepped Sister's pale form, and her bleeding lips spoke: *Prick me, black thorn. How my silver arms still thunder with violent storms. Flow, blood, from moon-feet blooming in paths of night, over which rats scurry, shrieking. You stars, ignite in the arches of my eyebrows—in the night my heart tolls softly. A red shadow with flaming sword broke into the house, fled with my snowy brow. Bitter death!*

And an obscure voice spoke from within me: *I broke the neck of my black horse in the woods at night, as delirium welled from his livid eyes. The shadow of the elms fell across me, blue laughter of springs and dark cool of the night, as – rough hunter – I startled a snow-white deer. My countenance, in this rocky hell, went dead.*

And a drop of blood fell shimmering into the wine, and I drank of it, more bitter than poppies, and a dark cloud shrouded my head, crystal tears of the fallen angel. And blood ran gently from Sister's silvery wounds and fell on me, a rain of fire.

I would go along the edge of the woods, a mute creature from whose sleepless hands the sun has fallen, a stranger on the evening hill who, weeping, lifts his eyelids to the stony city. A deer poised in the peace of old elders. How restlessly my head hearkens in the twilight, or else my faltering steps follow blue clouds to the hill, and also grave stars. Alongside, green fields come with me motionlessly, shyly the roe accompanies on mossy paths through the woods. The huts of the villagers are closed and quiet, and in the dark still of the wind the blue complaint of the torrents terrifies.

But as I followed the path down the cliff, madness seized me and I cried aloud in the night, and with silvery fingers I bent above the silent waters and saw there that my face had vanished. And the white voice said to me: *Destroy yourself!* Sighing, the shadow of a boy rose up in me and smiling gazed on me from crystal eyes, so that I sank down weeping under the trees, under the prodigious vault of stars.

Ceaseless travel through rocky wilds, far from evening hamlets, herds headed homewards—the setting sun grazes a distant crystal meadow and its wild song, a bird's lonely cry, unnerves, dying into blue calm. But you come in the night, either gently, as I lay sleepless on the hill, or raging under a spring thunderstorm. And melancholy ever more darkly clouds my departed head. Dread lightning strikes terror in the night of my soul. Your hands are rending my breathless chest.

At dusk, as I went into the garden, evil's dark form having withdrawn from me, night threw around me its hyacinth quiet. And I went in a crescent boat over the still pool, and sweet peace softened my stone-hard brow. Speechless I lay under an old willow and heaven over me was blue and filled with stars, and as I lost myself in the view, my fear and the deepest of my sorrows died. And the boy's blue shadow rose radiant in the darkness, a gentle song. Over crystal cliffs and the tops of green trees, on wings of the moon rose Sister's face.

The soles of my feet silver, I descended thorny steps and walked into the whitewashed room. In here a lamp burned soundlessly and without sound I hid my head in purple linen. And the earth disgorged the corpse of a child, lunar form, which stepped slowly out of my shadow, fell broken-legged down stony precipices, snowflakes falling.

JOHN YAU

EIGHT POEMS FOR GEORG TRAKL

POSTCARD OF THE ORACLE FROM GEORG TRAKL

Rotary wind machines bend our words in half

Black steam erupts from the horizon

The ones whose bodies we jettisoned
on underground platforms
continue to call out

We have done what we were told
We have eaten dirt and stones
We have chopped ice and snow
into houses of praying dogs

Why can't one of us
be the choirmaster
who glues pebbles
to the bottom of everyone's tongue

SECOND POSTCARD FROM GEORG TRAKL

I will memorize the lessons
and deliver the gifts

A stern oaf
who goes boating

in the ebony spray
I will grow stale

a blue mutterer
who rolls through

lanes and ditches
I will count

the huts of red decay
their hallways and hecklers

In each thing I do
I will repeat

the illusion of being
a brainwashed man

burning alive
at his dual controls

SCENES FROM A BLUE MOVIE (FOR GEORG TRAKL)

Mudguard music

•

Gauze twilight shadow detection

•

Languid nylon airlift

•

Spore studded breath clogs departure points

•

Needy tenant caresses hidden laughter sheds

•

Porcupine motion unzipped

•

Immaculate star station hookup

•

Gleaming jackal incision

•

Fluid exchange unit

•

Decipher pressed mobile inscriptions

•

Five tunnel probers reach crimson hunger purse

•

Dark chambered plant of mouth soldered to windpipe

•

New version of two preserved reptile flashers

SECOND BLUE MOVIE

(for Georg Trakl)

Every headline is directed toward
red moon's last popular front

Wet hands and white dust
trace remaining contours

Memoirs of Egyptian cigarettes
hotel rooms and ankle bracelets

Dazed lungers go by
their plastic tails askew

Pencil brawls
long hours carhorn night

Swollen blue flame lips
sweep away stemmed tide

IMAGINARY PHOTOGRAPH OF GEORG TRAKL

You are a billiard ball
falling out of a newspaper

Two cranes are peeled off
the rear axle

Another head floats above a fish bowl
crammed with handcuffs and salt

The movie hut lounge
burns to a yellowed frown

An insolent sickness overtakes the student of gases
The skin of the tower is washed with lice

AFTER TRAKL

Adolf Loos strangled glass birds
on the boardwalk of Tuxedo Park

Noon simmered in the oval blue mirrors
mounted above the strutting throngs

Our tour guide told us
there is a pavement or payment

that outlasts the stun of what occurs
beside the crimson river bed

Remember, tiny tastes of the new fatigue
are carefully measured out

No one cared to argue with the smoke
rising past our wax shoulders

IMAGINARY PHOTOGRAPH OF GEORG TRAKL

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falling out of a newspaper

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HOMAGE TO TRAKL

He lay beneath his pine cone bed,
a sensitive slab any shifting wind
could scrape or sink further
It was the moon he fished,
its pale blue echo, its vowels
drifting above the fuzzy swarm

This is sleep he said
its cold pillow and icy lips
were above or beside him
This is the crimson wall I have flopped beside
the ashes of another burned book

TRAKL TO RILKE

Your tight lipped zoomers
have no bodies, while mine
have neither light nor air

Where is the dye or candle
we can bracket, castle
or boat we can cling to

Can I steal your ventriloquist gambler
Can you rescue a muddy foot soldier
and his box of salt



MARJORIE WELISH

THE SEASONS CHANGE

1

It is very early.

She was not prepared to make the concessions her *métier* demanded.

The seasons change,

and with each season

it is the duty of fashion to render the body suppliant,

and to the woman living there

convince her she must spare

nothing, she must warp her anatomy as fashion says

for her own is wrong

Every day and in every way

breath goes down in fire, long-waisted and vibrantly responsive,

while air carves up *ars erotica*.

It is the duty of fashion to reinvent fire, irony, stone and air,

for anatomy is captive.

Improve the deep-set eyes of the Caribbean,

speak of a skull.

Into waiting vessels, into each ditch, a heart will follow.

You are flung aside

or played back and forth between the one and the many.

Lucky the reader who finds magnanimity

in the well-advertised physique of the Caribbean.

2

Year by brittle year,
it is the duty of fashion to insist that anatomy is expendable
on one face, ethical on the reverse,
subject to the Hebraic-Christian estate
that may impute to good looks authenticity of being
or wretchedness and folly.

Wonder of wonders: the field has eyes,
the fire pretends to be read by the kindling,
and fashion dictates the idiom solicitous of us line by line
while remaining unconvincing in each phase.

Crescent-shaped this season,
anatomy stays home wearing the casual shirt-dressing
with details you'll love,
the assumption being that your very marrow is disloyal
forgetful material.

Shallow puddles freeze
and the morning finds them broken glass.

And speaking of "looks,"
the outward shape of the Thirties is calling you.
In matinee we are changed,
and to a simple inquiry, "Are you wearing silk?"
comes the unrehearsed, "No, I'm wearing a modern convenience,"
mimicking the synthetic
memoranda almost without knowing it,
impressionable even as each season "goes on loving after all
hope is gone."

3

To fashion, and thus to entertain
history strolls amid anecdote and light.
Even anecdotal matter finds imitating the zeal of the wind
light mental recreation. The chairs
of 18th-century France are set in amusing
configurations throughout the salon.
Throughout the salon,
the French say “amusing,” meaning anything:

the tide of changing chairs improvising a tide
of couples and twos in light,
translucent and amusing tidepools.
This space, this infinite mobility
of a lightweight, altogether pierced, grove
of chairs is structurally commensurate
with everlasting gossip springing up
among an infinite supply of partners.

4

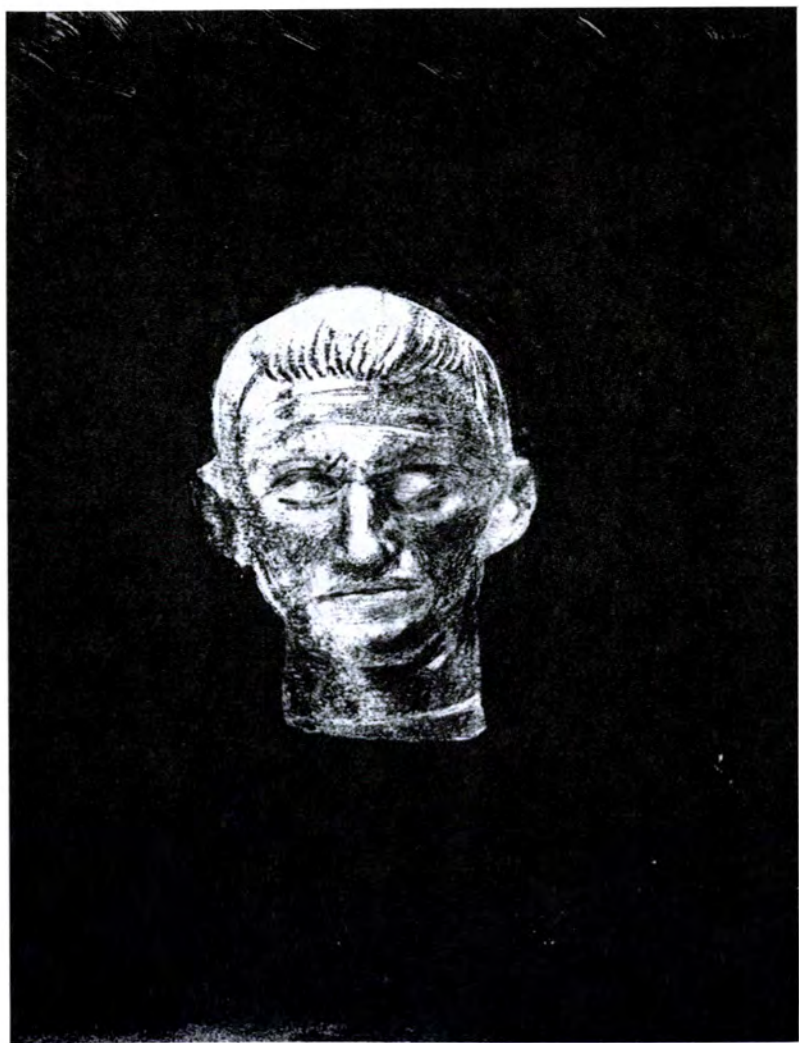
"In thunder, lightning, or in rain,"
fashion charges anatomy to depart its condition, its space.
Why, in this atmosphere,
do we not blame the technologies of the sartorially ingenious?
This, in hasty atmosphere.

The seasons went.
The lives in which we live become insolvent.
And they went down slowly, then fast.
Human and restless,
seasons never cease to amaze us for their versatility,

and for the full-scale illusionist realism
wherein we walk down city streets.
At their zenith
they seem all crossed out,
unanswerable and advancing curiosity traversing the island.

Like shallow water,
our bodies learn to discard their extensive autobiography
once the prevailing attitude in clothing is disguised perniciousness
or wit: Mondrian in elevation,
Picasso in plan,

adding to the subject of oneself
fashion as co-author
and quick propagandist
ceaselessly emending the discernible silhouette
of the heroine's ten-year wanderings.



RON PADGETT

THE FACE OF HENRI MICHAUX

The face of Henri Michaux is printed off-register in faded colors on the cover of a book manufactured in India, in profile, with hair, forehead, eyes, nose, lips, and chin that look mildly repulsive, and I remember that he had been photographed only from behind, a raincoat receding in the fog. Then I hear a voice from junior high school, a sneering, cocky voice that says, "I was born this way, what's *your* excuse?"

This expression is supposed to be a putdown so devastating that its target can do nothing but look away, face burning with blood. But wait, do I have the expression right? "I was born this way, what's *your* excuse?" Those were the words, but now that I think about it, they don't make sense: they seem to insult the insultor as well as the insultee.

Michaux, who faced wave after wave of metaphysical terror, could not bring himself to face a camera. Is it that he didn't want to feel the silliness that comes from staring at a small circle of glass as if it were a living person, while pretending to ignore the living person holding the camera? Or to feel the excruciating moment when the person *tells* you to smile? And you do smile, because you are embarrassed that anyone would be so foolish as to issue such a command. Or is it that you fear not that someone will steal your soul, but that they will take just that one thin slice of it and hold it up to the world as if it were the whole thing?

Or maybe he just thought he didn't look good, and he had the tact not to inflict his image on the world. It's possible he looked at photographs of, say, Sartre and said to himself, alone in his room, "Jesus, Sartre, how could you?" But he feels a tenderness toward the wall-eyed philosopher, nothing like the adolescent cruelty in my junior high school voice. And for a moment I have the fantasy that I am about to take Michaux's picture, and when I tell him to say "cheese," he does, but it's "fromage."

JIM DINE

GLYPTOTEK

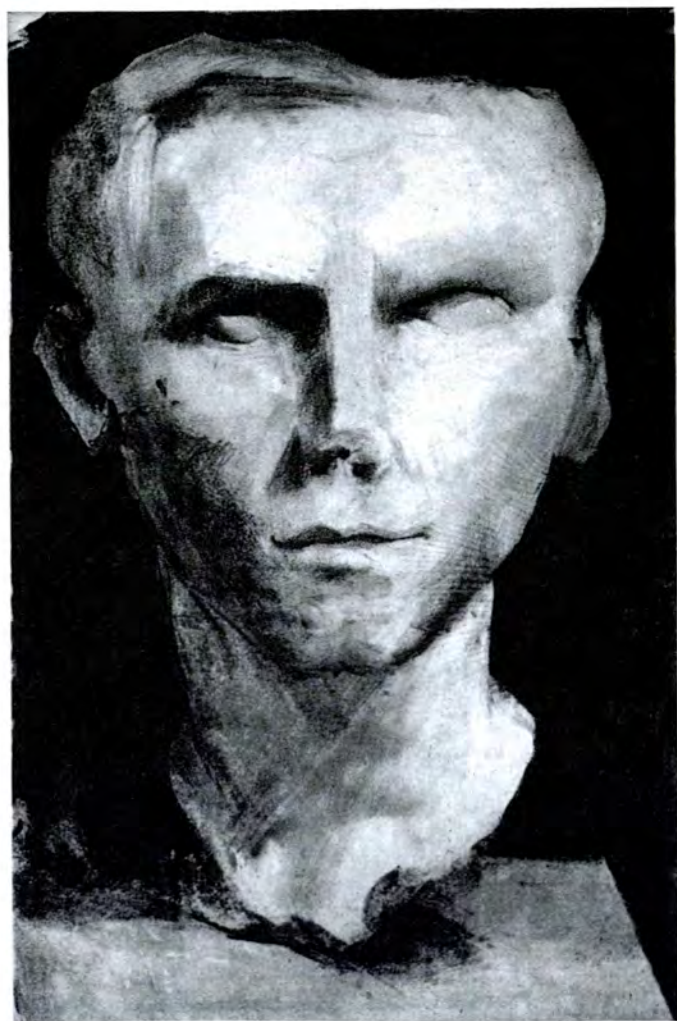
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Over the main entrance of the door of the Glyptotek (Munich), it says 'begun 1816, completed 1830'. Ludwig I, King of Bavaria, founded this 'great house' and dedicated it to the monuments of ancient sculpture. The stone for the museum was laid on April 23rd, 1816. The name GLYPTOTEK appears for the first time in Ludwig's letter of April 12th to the architect Haller von Hallerstein. 'I call the new building which is to house the works of ancient and modern sculpture the Glyptotek . . . '. Ludwig invents a new word based on Greek words such as Pinakotek and Bibliotek. It comes from a Greek word *Glyptikos* which means the art of carving stone. Ludwig commanded the architect Leo Klenze to design this building. It has been stripped of decoration by the ravages of the second world war, and only the bare structure of the building now remains. Instead of shining marble floors there is plain limestone paving. In the same way that the great buildings of ancient Rome inspire us though they have lost their original marble or plaster coverings, one is still moved by the grandeur of Klenze's whitewashed walls.













CHARLES BERNSTEIN

EMOTIONS FOR NORMAL PEOPLE

Truth is the antithesis
of existing society.
—Th. Adorno

With high expectations, you plug
Into your board & power up. The
Odds are shifted heavily in your
Favor as your logic simulator comes
On-screen. If there's a problem
You see exactly where it's located
& can probe either inside or
Outside with a schematic editor.
English-like commands make
Communication easy. Auto-scale
Gets waveform capacity on-board
Without the need for monolithic or
Highpass switch debouncers &
Dissipation separators. For
Correlating interactions, the 16-
Bit data bus & interrupt controller
Lets you place a timestamp value on
Every transaction stored—at no
Cost to your memory depth.
Normalization then corrects for

Reflections & imperfections caused
By connectors & cables. Enter the
Digitalizing oscilloscope with 20
GHz bandwidth, 10 ps resolution &
Floating-point primitives upwardly
Compatible with target-embedded
Resident assemblers & wet-wet
Compilers. & the fact that you can
Configure it yourself means you
Get exactly what you want—& cut
Down on chances for device failure.
Moreover, all systems components
Are easy to install & reconfigure
Since interconnections use a
Floating interface that produces
Consistent low-loss mating. Add
Real-time, transparent emulation
Capabilities, & the largest overlay
Capability in the industry, in a
Rugged package with state-of-the-
Art flash-converter overflow flags
& a family of workstations &

Servers that thrive in a multi-
Vendor environment. At which point
You can connect a bi-directional
Buffer or dumb terminal to the
Module's digital inputs & relay
Outputs with crystal-controlled
External trigger for jitter-free
Duplex data compression & protocol
Source codes.

DEAR FRAN & DON,

*THANKS SO MUCH FOR
DINNER LAST NIGHT. YOU TWO
ARE TERRIFIC—WE KNEW THAT ABOUT
YOU, FRAN, BUT DON—WE DON'T
MEET ROCKET ENGINEERS SUCH AS
YOURSELF VERY OFTEN AND SO
MEETING YOU WAS A SPECIAL TREAT!
NEXT TIME—OUR LITTLE
ITALIAN RESTAURANT!*

*WARM REGARDS,
SCOTT & LINDA*

Suddenly, in spite of
worrisome statistics that had unnerved
the Street, we
developed conviction and acted on it. Aside

from the arbs
and the rumor mill, the major trend remains up regardless of
street noise.

The liquidity is there, so any catalyst
should hasten the major direction. The market's internal
technical condition is far from
overbought, which leaves
room to rally back to October's
2500.

I think our big problem is inhibiting post-normalization.

Success demands getting more from available space, taking efficiency to extremes, paying less for improved performance. Moreover, 2440 sacrifices none of 2430A's performance.

Intuitive user interfaces provide only part of the road map out of the dark ages.

We've made debugging easier with differential nonlinearity, monolithic time-delay generators, and remote-error sensing terminals (RESTs). Yet, we still face a severe memory shortage and rather than resolve the problem we're buying our way out of it. We need a tariff on cheap foreign-made memory so we can regroup our own. The current controversy, however, stems from the attempts of several vendors to control the marketplace by promoting standards that especially benefit their computing architecture.

I'd like you to meet Jane Franham.

Jane was my mother-in-law until I married

Jim. While I was sure of Joan's

love, I still

worried that she might be tempted

by other men. Now both hands

are able to work, since the magnifier
is suspended around
the neck on an adjustable length of
cord. We had argued about his
job before, about how wrong it was for a man with three kids
to spend so few days a year
at home, with
no end in sight. I
suspect that your father had an adrenal
gland tumor that was
driving his blood pressure
up. Lillie was very emphatic that she
wanted to be a ballet dancer; the nun thing
was just a passing
phase that lots of girls
go through. Lipstick
is meant to be the perfect
finishing touch—one that doesn't
compete with
your eyeshadow or clash
with your blushes.
Only
when the soup course
is finished is
the service plate
taken out. —*Who's the woman you
most admire?* Is it
Shirly Temple Black, Raisa Gorbachev, Phyllis
Schlafly, Winnie Mandela, Mother Teresa of
Calcutta, or Ella Fitzgerald?
After my neck surgery, Marge asked me
if I would be
investing in a lot of scarves.

The Cowley's
one exceptional
expenditure is the \$583 they give every month
to their church.

This outlay represents nearly
15 percent of their budget. And
in 1985 and 1986, when the church was being enlarged
to include a 2,500-seat chapel, Dick and Carol
contributed nearly 25 percent
of their income. "The church is the focus
of our lives," says Carol.

She is a volunteer in the church
library; Dick teaches
adult Sunday school, accompanies the choir (on
trumpet), and
every Tuesday evening goes out on
"visitations".

However you come to terms
with your feelings about your husband, you must
face the fact that your son is totally
innocent of any
responsibility. No matter how much bitterness
his father deserves, you must not transfer it
to the boy. Define

brows with
brown eye-shadow
pencil; blend with
stiff brow brush
for natural
effect. Use
powder one shade darker
than skin tone. Brush on
temples

and under chin to widen
face. For long-lasting
color, dust lips
with translucent powder
before applying
lip
color. All
things considered
Joe
was a thoughtful
husband.
The
only thing nicer
than a letter from a friend
is taking the time to read it
over a warm cup of Orange
Cappucino.

In InteliCorp's KEE, frames are called units, properties of units are called slots, and properties of slots are called facets. In Teknowledge's 5.2, however, frames are called classes, properties of classes are called attributes, and properties of attributes are called slots.

"When someone hits the board with the head in
That fashion, you can get a scalping eff-
Ect," Panzano said. "The board hits the head
And the skin is peeled back and it requires
Extensive suturing. The worst thing a
Diver can do is hit the board or the
Tower. When I see something like that, I
Get a sick feeling in my stomach."

If you would love to be living your life in a different way but don't want to spend a lifetime learning how . . . Dynamic short-term social therapy can empower you to make the moves you've been afraid—or unable—to make, in your personal life and your career. You don't have to be a victim of loneliness, depression, "mid-life crisis", indecisiveness, or regrets. Free up your ability to grow and change as you learn the emotional and social skills you need to be intimate and passionate. Write the Dysrhythm Center for more information.

Bernstein's argument is an important one and his discussion is consistently thoughtful, energetic, and smoothly handled. Any reader of the modern verse epic will find *The Tale of the Tribe: Ezra Pound and the Modern Verse Epic* stimulating and provocative.

THIS HEREBY SERVES AS YOUR SECOND
AND FINAL RETURN NOTICE. SINCE OUR
PREVIOUS NOTICE TO YOU REMAINED UNANSWERED,
WE MUST ASSUME YOU DO NOT
WANT YOUR CASIO 300 REAR PROJECTION
COLOR TV OR YOUR THREE PIECE
CARDIN DESIGNER LUGGAGE. AS PREVIOUSLY DETAILED,
THIS SOPHISTICATED COLOR PROJECTION TELEVISION VIEWING
SYSTEM FEATURES THE LATEST IN TELEVISION
TECHNOLOGY. THIS SET DELIVERS RICH CONTRAST
AND SHARP RESOLUTION. THIS SYSTEM MUST
BE GIVEN AWAY IN ORDER TO
COMPLY WITH STATE AND FEDERAL REGULATIONS.
THE SAME IS TRUE OF THE
DESIGNER LUGGAGE BY PIERRE CARDIN. YOUR
FAILURE TO RESPOND IMMEDIATELY WILL RELEASE

YOUR TELEVISION TO OTHER PERSONS LOCATED
IN YOUR REGION. PLEASE CALL 1-800-233-4797
TO SCHEDULE YOUR TOUR OF TREE
TOPS RESORT. OPERATORS ARE ON DUTY.

Which best describes your dress size? What brands of bar soap have been used in your household in the past 6 months? Which of the following hypoallergenic products are currently being used in your household? Which of the following best describes the sensitivity of your skin? To which of the following products have you experienced a negative reaction? On average, how many days per week do you use foundation? Do you use a facial cleanser *other than bar soap*? Do you or anyone in your family wear support pantyhose? What brands of underwear do you wear? How often have you used a nasal spray in the last 6 months? How many tablets of pain relievers are used in your household each month? Did you ever use a nonprescription pain reliever in capsule form? Do you own an automatic dishwasher? If so, how many loads do you do in your automatic dishwasher in an average week? Do you use Mexican sauces such as salsa or picante? If you have burned artificial firelogs in your fireplace, which brands do you burn most often? If anyone in your family practices heart attack prevention, how? Which of the following home improvements do you plan in the next 6 to 12 months? How many times did you medicate for diarrhea in the past year? Are you concerned about the side effects allergy medicine can cause (drowsiness, dizziness, insomnia, sleeplessness, dry mouth)? In an average month, how many calls are made by you and any other household member living with you to places outside your area code? Have you moved in the last year and during which month? How many vehicles are owned by members of your household? How do you feel about your present auto insurance company? Do you invest in or would you welcome literature describing special offers on securities? Which

of the following do you own or have, or are you considering for first-time purchase or replacement within the next six months? What organizations do any members of your household belong to? How many times have you shopped by mail in the past month? Do you frequently donate by mail to any of the following?

Dear Mr. Chinitz:

I am writing to follow-up on two previous phone calls on this subject and because I will not be able to reach you by phone late this afternoon when you are scheduled to be in your office.

As you know, I called you on September 30 and October 2 to report a very loud vibrating noise coming from the main water risers in our apartment—a noise that affects the whole “R” line and can be heard in the hallway of the building. This noise persisted throughout the middle-of-the-night and into the day on the occasions I called. The noise was such as to prevent sleeping and thus is a disturbing and serious problem. Almando the super checked out every apartment on the rear line of 464 on October 2 while the noise was going on and found it appeared to be unrelated to any water use in those apartments.

Subsequent to that time, the situation had improved: the noise would occur sporadically for periods of five minutes to one hour. During the day today, however, the noise has been persistent from 11:00 am on. Typically, the vibration occurs for about 10 seconds and then stops for about 20 seconds. The hot water riser can be felt to shake: and the adjacent walls also shake.

I had hope that this situation had been resolved, but evidently not. Your urgent attention to this matter is necessary and would be most appreciated.

A 1985 survey shows that 23.3 percent of all writers write poetry—that's 2,180,000 people who are writing poetry and want to get published. *1989 Poet's Market* contains current, accurate, and complete information to help poets to do just that.

Poets will find out where and how to publish their poetry through 1,700 listings (550 of which are brand new) of mass circulation and literary magazines, trade book publishers, small presses, and university quarterlies. Updated listings enable poets to accurately target their work to receptive publishers. Poets will find details on who to contact, how to submit work, types of poetry needed, comments from editors, poets published, whether the publisher accepts unsolicited poems, type of compensation (where applicable), and sample lines of recently published poems. In addition, each listing is coded according to the level of submissions desired (beginner, experienced, or specialized).

Through 12 "Close-Up" interviews with such poets as Richard Wilbur, 1987 Poet Laureate of the United States, and Rita Dove, winner of the 1987 Pulitzer Prize for poetry, poets will gain further insight into the process of writing and publishing poetry. They'll also find advice on increasing their chances of being published by knowing how to judge their own work; participating in workshops, clubs, and networking; working with regional publications; plus opportunities in greeting card, poster, and postcard markets and information on contests and awards.

How do statesmen become aware of unfavorable shifts in relative power and how do they seek to respond to them? Who makes constitutional laws? Were early Americans a distinctly modern people, a people without a past? This is an exemplary work of mutually supportive normative argument and empirical

investigation. Reading it is like backpacking through the nation's forests in company with a modern-day Thoreau. Secondly, the posture that the work takes is frankly quite liberal, and, in recent years, open and undisguised liberalism has become something of a debased currency. After absorbing these revelations and analysis, it is hard to imagine comprehending the origins and evolution of the cold war without them. Drawing on the work of Indian and Japanese patients and displaying a professional anthropologist's eye for telling detail, here is the first comprehensive study of Protestant theological concerns. A fascinating history that should be required reading for any serious student of turn-of-the-century French gaiety. Abounds in rich description and valuable insight. Destined to become the definitive treatment for decades. All Americans who care about their country's place in the world will find this book worth reading.

Are you a normal person?

Probably for the most part you are.

Your sex complexes, your fears and furies and petty jealousies, your hatreds and deceptiveness, only serve to secure your normalcy. I can still remember vividly the fear I once experienced, as a child, when threatened, on the way to school, by a half-witted boy with an air-gun. But a person who calls himself a psychologist is in a peculiar position these days. Dr. Cuit P.

Tichter of the Johns Hopkins University found that Norway rats died quickly if their whiskers were clipped and they were put into a tank of water. Actually, we have two emotional levels, one fundamental and the other more or less superficial. Actually, most people need only a few close friends, with a larger circle of casual friends. Experiments show that if someone says these things to a man on his way to the office, sometimes he can scarcely work and will go home to bed. Besides, being busy is not a virtue in itself! There are no adequate emotional outlets for many stresses and people who depend completely on their emotions frequently find themselves in jail. This explains why persons with father-in-law, familial or boss troubles develop

painful spasms. The intestine is
as sensitive to bombardments
from the brain as the skin of some people
to sun rays. The
bowel is a bear for punishment.
In such an atmosphere
a husband can develop a disturbing
sense of inferiority. He begins
to doubt that he still has the capacity
to be attractive. He may
become so convinced that he has lost his
charm that he no longer
makes any effort to look nice or
appear charming. Of course, the
opposite type of upbringing can be just as
harmful. Of course,
you can't grade husbands like apples or oranges,
dropping each
through a slot previously evaluated for size,
shape, dis-
position, and domesticity.
"Men like to be bossed," says Dr.
Cleo Dausson, University of Kentucky

psychologist and authority on masculinity. "Men are fearful. Glandular differences make them five times more fearful than women. They attach more importance to security than women do. Emotionally they are never on the same keel two days in a row; as a result, they need constant reassurance." But some parents always act fearsome and protective toward their children, not thinking that by killing their nerve they are also killing their chances of having rich, exciting, and successful lives. Children are born with practically no fears and if not repressed by their overanxious and tyrannical parents would have a natural courage that would sustain them throughout life. Nor can I second your notion that you've got moral grounds for divorce. Rather, I think

your
misery calls for psychiatric treatment. In other words, the
mother's natural reflex equilibrium
could not be restored to a
completely resting or balanced condition until Teddy
had learned
to perform his part of the rug-folding
process perfectly, and was
further able to take the initiative
in directing his mother's
movements so that they would cooperate completely
with his own. Again the explanation
of their incompetence in passing a mental
test may lie in the subjects' seeming
inability
to regard fellow students as rivals, or to feel
any element of
opposition
in either the test itself or the examiner. They
frequently appear just as well satisfied
with a poor record as a
good one and seem

willing to submit to
any degree of hardness or
criticism or reproof from the teacher
or examiner without
assuming the least antagonism
of attitude.

In any case, sarcasm
is evidence of a sadistic trend in one's
personality.

GAIL SHER

FROM *KUKLOS*

Skater skater.

Eighty cantina
maypole.

—

Pachinka capa moor.

Yenta. Ne'er
galina.

—

Kapok roses.

Tailor tailor. Mimosa
a mitt.

—

Charybdis in
queen.

Scyla. Swaha.
Mahjung. Schnaps.

♥ Bris of

Odessa rice laps.



RON SILLIMAN

FROM *TONER*

Brucebook

Economists conduct thought experiment
for a society of two islands
containing one individual each.

Man struggles
to move
from wheelchair
to auto.

Extra-wide briefcase
indicates salesman,
stewardess' luggage in portable dolly.

Fumbles with his
walkman
at the end of the tape.
Escalator's steady hum
dissolves in the muzak:

Soft repetitive bell
sends plainclothes security staff
sprinting to department store exit.

We have nothing
to form
but form
itself,

The social queues up
like children
at the end of recess
in the rain.

A nurse
with bruised knees, lawyer's
belly strains dull shirt,

Tie open wide.
The line waits
for the previous show to let out.
Who watches the watchmen?
Far across the bay
I see the city rise,
hazy,

Verticals without depth.
Throat sore from indoor heat,
old prof
shambles across the quad,
that verb
mere predication.
Left-handed woman writes in margin

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Of casebook.
Library book
dust jacket
encased in plastic.
Four men in 1914,
three at Columbia,
determine American literary canon.

Pronounce that canyon.
She said I said
in my sleep
the same word
over and over
'Dama,'
whatever that means.

Large-boned woman,
freckled,
her hair in thick braids,
asleep on the train.
Year that
some men thought it hip
to shave sideburns

Above the ear.
I hear
auto alarm pulse through the night.
Escalator banister in brass
 refracts glare
while I rise
to new level of irony

Support the Seven Points?
Hell,
 identify the Seven Points.
Way to go
Le Duc Tho. In memory's slomo,
bullshit monk flickers, smouldering,
and goes out.

Up against the all-inclusive
Fate of what?
 Charlie Manson look-alike
tries to thumb a ride.
Gears mock
 industrial song
the way fears make a long night.

Weeding, bend down from the waist,
butt high up, reaching
strange grass shoots amid moss.
The word "I,"
 once written,
 stares back,
absurd.

But I take pleasure
 in not being hit
by the cone
of the great shade-throwing tree
mid-town:
 Don't block the box
(lemon fat on a too-frail limb).

BARRY SCHWABSKY

SONGS FOR A LIGHT SLEEPER

1

Tales of the wind
a cloak
to wrap around you

cut short
in earth's memory
the glamor named for war

they make it look
not a landscape
every face conveys

2

Motion denied
pages that will not be published
in my lifetime

dust the memorabilia
they articulate
about the trellis

what speaking airs
half-light presumably
in wafers

3

Twining imprint
would spare your voice
of earth

fond circumstance
of all our limits
whose character may

be unfocussed sky
the glance of that disc
has rarest weight

4

More easily in one
if you wait
than many

whose muffled light
inverted terrarium
half-light, twilight

repose of letters
so placed to say
such frightful things

5

She lends herself
to be endured
not compressions

prolongations
of certain silence
take root in your mouth

how she bends
to till sweet soil
seeing hurting

6

Exit hesitancy
my name forgotten
part of the window

whoever faults etymology
an eye on the object
will turn out

all faces pale
and precious approach
arable darkness

7

Fictions of wind
the uncreated shadow
down this street

all eyes rimmed
with darkness
which is no possession

requires eloquence
another burnished summer
brush on my cheek

8

All the little strokes
light light
its mortal form

covers us all
money surrenders
familiar shadow

august presence
prepared to receive
this mildness



P. INMAN

FROM *VAGABOND*

after Agnes Varda

7.

What she does with the space
built of soap bar. The first
idea for the shoreline, the moment
she sees its size all drink.

The tar behind carve. Ceiling
braise.

She couldn't be so thin of weather,
knelt to a moss of drawn breath.
The pictures left her at angles,
settled to a plain. Bunches of
shoulder by the week.

Skin for each farmed ruffle.
Asian word found in Scarlatti,
barns faded at.

Full thought lymph. The face out
between the next sleep. The German
settlement in the salted prose.

—

A shape the cell block had of all.

Blackbird cheekbone. Pulse ink
through, lipstick equals.

Finished sentences a rice in.

—

Sum other-cut. Outside fill, someone
at its beginning. Every touch with
ravine dollar. Paint turns lined
still.

—

Cleaned hill mere elbow, her voice
parted at its barn of pallet. Frown
further by sugar. Necked villager.

8.

Pine and rocks as spare subtraction.
The dune by their hatband solve,
eyelid salted field left.

—

Field of bottle crags. The room
of the opening eldest, owls that
people drinking.

Sight dimple, ground after.

Land measle of alphabet.

Before shoe at lung disease. Bird
into the immense forget which it
represents. The ending changed
by her wearing eyeglasses.

Hill surd. The skin how he ridged
without. The cress of book ship.

—

Snowed forearm. A look as spoke.
Band where the mind had creased.

Beards on ponders, womaner write.

A word always came between, wheat
so thick.

A cold bridge of nose. The bay at
stellar.

—

Mooned elds. Differs as simple
pull. Society is each capsize
against my build. Mab of spread
hair.

Park pore bordered. Train passenger
timing away its mount. Wondering
about childhood as a sand difference.

—

Defts as peak nears, a book in
every approach. The pencil as a
sift grown to its brim, limed
namesake. Knee granulated through.
she chews on a bed veer. "I could
pause but not pose", skull from.
Pretending all would spearmint
church. Short distance particles.
Foot blame. Stuck word, differs as
prickles. Brunts of space at
language.

9.

The round of pattering in her arms.

Landed time-over. Say a part of
clear etch between steps, eye
downed on a syrup cash.

Tack glance. Windup clock kept at
prose.

Ice tess, sculpt in.

A brown of the action.

—

Low back school. The simple namesake
Varda would stay beside, skull as
poached starts. Whited beer by.
The water thought makes of.

10.

Her sleep was a different silver.

The roles of clouds colored across
stunts. Scrips by particles.
Landscape as drunk beer.

—

Law'm thigh.

Calamine bed. Sand forgets.

Maybe the small money toward a
drink, pieces behind. The thought
at that wait, head utter school.

An ice a still ago. Once I was
a tractor editor erased in Kansas,
the chewed book of what each'd
describe. Its brink of mouth.

CONNELL MCGRATH

FROM *WITH WORDS*

after Jack Spicer

CANTATA

Conversation takes a humiliating turn.
The chairs are set close together.
And argument. The soloists
Know their own lines.
Certain idealists endorse the pizzicato fist.
With the pitched call the rapper
Induces paralysis.
Unwanted events are often most stifling.
Alone with your decisions
And the music
You must take a course
Though it leads to fault.
In the moment
The common fear
Only to find the self without

POEM

The poem leaves life in pieces.
The stiff mind will detach
From the moon.
It takes no chances.
The kind that's never seen
A real finger only dream
fingers, cards, a
Dream liberty
Unaware of attachment.
As if liberty were a woman
Cutting the strings
Attaching the moon to
The poem.
Those of us who sit
Know unmoving

THE REST OF US

after Spicer

At an end the length of coiled love lovers
And the rest of us

Person emerges poetry ends
Its final endings

Two swimmers telling coming
Exhausted—lovers in procession

The death of endings
Waves' goodbyes

Rope
And the rest of us

Dizzy boundaries remain
Two long disguised boundaries

Ocean—no love is like telling
Coming

Ends

FANNY HOWE

FIVE MEASURES OF PLEASURE

1.

Off the Moshup Trail there was a view
of water in waves six feet high
 wind at fifteen knots but shifting
I, fast as the rolling sky, no trees –
chewing rose hips in honey –
as the sun marbled the sea
 played on God's back like a beast.

2.

Once to officials in a din of leaves
I was a street devil and house angel
Like an automechanic who cheats
 I had neither luck nor keys
at the end of the day
I was a human who couldn't change her ways.
 Money is the enemy of women.

3.

A woman working in the fields
I saw disposable diapers as a threat to loons
and those plovers trying to roost in sanctuaries
 I was an anarchist
remembering God like a swim in the sky
At my desk – a wooden spool –
 I was a lover of the eucharist too.

4.

Twice I wandered into the scrubby pines
and lost my lure. Down the sandy path
to the lagoon where buoys held up bait
 as dimpled as the moon
I remembered pleasure
God buries in places, the eardrums of wee ones
beaten by the wind in the needles.

5.

When berries turned frosty blue
the birds under Tashmoo's moon extemporized
I was streets ahead of love in energy & size
but it impressed me with its pessimism:
 There was always enough for everyone
 depending on the way
 it measured pleasure.



ROBERT KELLY

A FLOWER FOR THE NEW YEAR
MAITREYA

A FLOWER FOR THE NEW YEAR

At first I couldn't remember the name
of the vine-borne flower that climbs
so scraggly up the south wall of my porch,
I see it now, bare and crazy looking like a hank
of twine a cat got tired of bothering,
and that every spring you coax so carefully
into a few meager gorgeous deep purple blossoms,

but that we saw triumphantly tropical in the cold
rainy summer of St Barnabas Road in Cambridge,
how do they do it, the Smith's doorway and the yard
next door purple with them, visions of Persephone
and ancient excess, the wild half-unconscious
half-drunken wilful excesses of Greeks!

And then I remembered the name, clematis, and couldn't
remember if I'm supposed to say cle-may-tis or cle-mah-
tis, like the man in the song about tomatoes
(you say, I say, let's call), anyhow, that flower,

and then I couldn't understand why I was worrying
about the names of flowers or the names of anything
or music or even the flower itself, Greeks and all
their purple antics, the raving cunts and anuses of Thessaly,
wild throats receiving and decanting seeds from
all the above worlds they meant by 'The Gods,'

and why should I be thinking about the gods or even winter
when there are men and women who have no homes
with or without flowers on the wall, men and women

who have no memories except what happened to them
last night, in the street, when another man

or another woman, said, nameless, or did, motiveless,
this thing, what thing, gave, or took, or struck,
or in the common way of bleary midnight New Years misery
touched, just touched, and these, without a chair
or a floor to put it on, without a wall,

children only of the wind, who live in the weather
in the unromantic hate-winds of their appetite,
who suffer their own resentment more than their hunger,
whose pain is permanent, hence forgettable, always alone
but never lonely because every human being is their enemy
and a man fighting for his life has no time to be lonely,

and they fight, for their lives, in silence and squalor,
their stupefied eyes almost merry with glowering envy,
and I sit here baffled by the name of purple flowers,
remembering all the girls in my life as they step
naked-footed lewdly up the chill sedate corridors
of the marble museum of my heart, I worship their nakedness
while some man lies in the snow on Sixth Avenue with no shoes,

so dark the flower, shaped like a trumpet, darker
as I peek inside, or walk up down that curving bell
into the sound of what manner of sky they keep there,
who?, in the homeland of that flower whatever its name,
we do what we can and lie down in the dark, and what we cover
ourselves with against the wind is nobody's business,
so dark the flower, so dark the heavy traffic of names.

MAITREYA

Snow lies blue under the trees' shadows and strong where the sun strikes everywhere else.

Across this snow Maitreya comes walking.

He is walking towards us.

He is clear red in color like ruby or garnet and seems to our eyes about seventy five or eighty feet high.

He is taller than the highest trees and his features although distinct are hard to see because they are as bright as the sky.

The sky is very bright.

These are new woods.

I have been in places where the trees are old.

The house down by the river is very old and the ruins away to the south even older.

What stands there is the front wall of an old brick house with two corners intact.

Above where the front door had been the empty arch still stands.

The bricks are very red against the very blue sky.

These are experiences about which it seems necessary to use a share of 'very's.

How long the arch will go on standing is neither clear nor a matter of much hope.

Already one brick is certainly coming loose.

We are walking north over the empty fields.

People have passed before us on foot and on skis.

There are the tracks of one sled.

Perhaps a father pulled his son deep into the woods along this trail.

The way fathers wait for their sons and then keep the sons waiting all the rest of their lives takes some of the keenness away from the vivid blue-skied red-knitted woollen capped joy in a simple image of a father and his son we saw a little while ago.

A father was pulling his little son on a sled down through the woods.

Maitreya comes towards us moving south to our north.

He is red and clear and taller even than the quick-growing pines where last autumn we saw the fox couple out strolling.

No one for a minute or two is afraid of anything

But we are waiting too.

What he means or what it means to see him is that we accept the necessity of loving everything that is alive.

We accept that as an obligation and the blue sky of clearest winter noon turns red and walks towards us.

Now that he is closer we see he is really taller than we had thought before.

Now that he is close it seems we can see nothing higher than he is.

Anything that is really coming towards us is about necessity.

Necessity means obligation.

The obligation is to be red and walk towards everyone with love.

He walks toward us because we are looking towards him.

The obligation is ours.

That doesn't mean love is easy or not easy.

Sometimes it is sometimes it isn't,

He walks because it is his nature to be coming towards.

Without going from where he is not staying he is always coming towards.

CRAIG WATSON

NOT OBSESSION

what's wrong.

then it happens

a violence.

single thought

a white sheet
a liquid line

foot step creaks

the rip of skin

back snap

the hour in halves
separated by thaw

or the wall (an interval of limit)
between dislocations

dreaming drumming hollow skull
willful prison
during promise silence escapes
and question invades question

(a fluid fire)

listen familiar

insolvent
in-
transient

sound at least occupied by itself

observe

what

light in sequence
water glass mirror blind

or artificial
dark dark

repeat denial

in solitude
in trance

the disclosing glance
condemned deceived

the last word

the swath

MICHAEL GIZZI

ODE OF IT ALL
OPOSSUM'S CREED
ILLUSTRATIVE
TREEMAN'S LAMENT
SONNET SUMMER OVERNIGHT

ODE OF IT ALL

Like the kid who 'steals shit'
'cause he isn't worth the shit he'd take
I can't remember when I wasn't ashamed
as though chickenwire were a condition
I was bound to inhabit. Not even
espaliered apple of smalltown men's club
out back at midnight. The joke *is*
the chicken crossed the road
that I'm afraid to. The difference
is between the right word and what I think
it means to me. An oil
which is the function of my oleo memory

This head is no palace it's the Motel Abuse
It's guests are not welcome but disembodied
seep their message through the rocks
in my ear. The joke is they're dissatisfied
and refuse to pay for the room. How
can I evict them they don't know
their voices are the wards of my state
If when I sneeze I annoy them then
they're the only one I'm thinking of
They never heard but salty words
of a shoulder bird—their devil
was a crackpot

Gonna take a crackshot to stop this
bleeding. Moon like a cup—no, saucer
presses dawn. Up periscope: *shame*
a blowpatch on the plenum
I know by name

OPOSSUM'S CREED

Each time I cut my head off
the spittin image of spite
my nose thumbs screw my eyes
and mom's tomato potlach
wallop pack is circus size
I love it when she smiles
and stains my lie 'The real
McCoy'd lay off that punch'

But I'm a Jesuit duodenal
dustbin (my true vocation
a jiffy lube) figured I'd
lower the fahrenheit
tampering with the earth's
pulley like a sissy would

Sign above the fetish read
'descend' or 'descant'
Forgive minus deep six
under plus cross
Skull one more—
the screamin meemie is me
Another poke and Mr
Pal-o'-mine pantomimes bent

My mind's as tight as
the hair on that dog
but I crave enlightenment
like it was watercress
I give a boscaige?

You bet

ILLUSTRATIVE

I'm becoming into being like awake camera
on rising street level under branch looking
past tissue to tree to campanile toward town
main street's end of. Alot like paint
can be a memory painted a picture
or field trip say 4th grade American Civilization
trip autumn bright but flat like paint can be
if too much oxygen is in the blue. Wait!
it's not October It's Spring
and the street is blue upsidedown
learned heroic histrionic history book light blue
that always reminds me of Washington, George eyes or
Washington, D.C. responsible for that safety in light feeling
American. Some single beaten brown last year's leaves
flipflop Disneylike down Main Street, common
the occasional limousine or UPS truck racing em on their way
to the now howitzer green of Spring
Red brick ain't really red red
except against a blue hickory book blue sky, a color
certain snobs like to think is theirs—Who's
naughtier than thou?—as if
the sky in a history book were a race of untouchables

TREEMAN'S LAMENT

Every guy up a tree has a secret
'No drunks or drifters need apply'
I got my part-time job
With the Distress Club, son, drool instructor
Save paupers from sparrows at the windows
That fear of having their hair seen
In pubic de poudre suit with a hit on their heads
And no window to throw it out of

Man, that libido bit's a death gig
Don't use just any words
Makes use of those meat nouns
Like coal shack night wind rapier trim
Words is like the trapeze rosin you'd wisht you
Rolled in when you see the ground rushing up

So they become the trapeze of the vision
Inhabits the space between your eye
and that console square acreage of your topgallant
Ticker waiting like a whistle for the wind
To blow through

And they fall on feeling, son, words
Swing there

SONNET SUMMER OVERNIGHT
for Clark Coolidge

Elixir of logwood jitterbug of bling
'I have Indian blood' worn out with
Dodging that art in acquiring those
Berries of the citizen everyone wears
Deciduous droppings of a sentiment
Or seneschal whose aim is pellucid
As pone homey as the crosshatch of
Living lines where a body was or will
Be drawn in the mind. This here's
A study of portals the radio inside
My head peeking out from my heart
What was with what was
To be like older little boys
Dressed in a gimme no guffness

BERNADETTE MAYER

FROM *THE FORMAL FIELD OF KISSING*

#48

I'd kiss your eyes three hundred thousand times
If you would let me, Juventius, kiss them
All the time, your darling eyes, eyes of honey
And even if the formal field of kissing
Had more kisses than there's corn in August's fields
I still wouldn't have had enough of you

#99

Honey, while you played I stole
a little kiss, Juventius, sweet sweet

This didnt go unpunished & from then I'm fixed
on the highest tearless crucifix
I make myself clear with tears
it doesnt work and you're still mad

Once we kissed you used your spit
to wipe your lips, oh your soft fingers
You looked like you thought you might get Aids
from the dirty kiss of this diseased whore

How come you always bring me love without rest
It's all misery, you always torture me
that small kiss was the bitterest

And all you've given me ever since are punishments
handed out like medicines for miserable love
I'll never steal another kiss

#42

"Adeste, hendecasyllabi, quot estis"

C'mere, all of you, my hendecasyllables
all of you, help! how many of you are there?
some ugly whore thinks she'll make an ass of me
she stole my notebook if you can believe it
let's put a tail on her and get our book back
who the hell is she? she's the one you might see
with the deformed legs, what a joke, she's a bitch
her mean mouth grins like a puppy from the south
let's surround her and demand our notebook back:
"you fucking whore, you give me back my notebook,
give it back, you whore, you fuck, I want my book."
dont you give a shit? you animal, you filth
I wish there was something worse I could call you
nevertheless I think this is not enough
maybe if nothing else can do it a blush
could be forced from the rigid face of that bitch
we've gotta shout at her again much louder:
"you fucking whore, you give me back my notebook,
give it back, you whore, you fuck, I want my book."
but we make no progress, nothing, she's not moved
we've gotta change our way of talking and reason
if you can get the advantage more that way:
"virtuous and chaste one, give me back my notebook."

DWI

after Horace's fourth Ode

Solvitur acris hiems grata vice veris et favoni
Changing the word and the hand as if unused
Maybe perhaps that winter is at last gone,
How royal. When will you call? It's still
Cold out here. To breathe without thought
Of your complexly youngish kiss which goes
As we know on for hours while afterwards I suck
The succinctness of your riverish cock, flowery
As we in our differentish asceticisms are each flower
Your gentle winds were not called for, ally,
Again the ships set sail, I cant say this
I'll commit murder, you'll sell the Chrysler
—the one you cant drive—and make my bail
And driving while intoxicated again
I'll take you by the head right through the tunnel
During those beautiful suburban concerts of yours
I feel so grateful for in the car, I love expense
And your surprising me with Tchaikovsky,
Thee whom the maidens will delight to love.

LARGE IMITATION CLASSICAL LUNE

Patricia my man
you disapprove of men but
when we fucked
you didnt mind my boyishness
so very much
you said it reminded you
of my Sophia
now you and Beth attack
my new boyfriend
and say he hasnt anything
to say plus
he's just like other men
to idiot Bernadette
you say how I love
men takes time
from our conversations our privacy
but you dont
feel that way about Maureen!
Laura'd be horrified
to know which she does
that I speak
of you two as one
but, girlfriends, remember
the sky's the limit in
these risky questions
of friendship and of love

I've overcome all
my subway phobias, my fears
of enclosed spaces
I'll go to Staten Island
I'll go alone
Mommy and I arent one
but I wont reform
I still wanna make love
to you two
as one and, too, him

On #2

I think when
passion dies
it'd be good to play
I don't know what
with my bright
love
if only I could
play with you too
like she does

after Catullus and Horace

only the manners of centuries ago can teach me
how to address you my lover as who you are
O Sestius, how could you put up with my children
thinking all the while you were bearing me as in your mirror
it doesn't matter anymore if spring wreaks its fiery
or lamblike dawn on my new-found asceticism, some joke
I wouldn't sleep with you or any man if you paid me
and most of you poets don't have the cash anyway
so please rejoin your fraternal books forever
while you miss in your securest sleep Ms. rosy-fingered dawn
who might've been induced to digitalize a part of you
were it not for your self-induced revenge of undoneness
it's good to live without a refrigerator! why bother
to chill the handiwork of Ceres and of Demeter?
and of the lonesome Sappho, let's have it warm for now.

CLARK COOLIDGE

FROM *ODES OF ROBA*

ANTONELLO'S JEROME

Inside the baking kiln, after
the saint's slid in, resides the bluesky
at the back you see twin vials of it
birds and bats included, and below
a window land, four square, for witness

Before, on ledge of neat cares, there is
the peacock pointed away, pride avoiding
copper of use

In case, Jerome reads, profiles the document
in fact is set up to be seen reading, learning
the lay of his robes, shades of his utensil
crannies, to atone, as shown

Below, spread marium of pavement too vast
for his use, he must be cupboarded, staged
away in view lit, from an angle sinistra
and beside step one of four his slipper

In all, this is miniature
of oddments cased to be taken with you
a pocket display of a life used whole
for the reading, for the closing

THROAT OF A MAGDELENE

But if she could see she would say, I am down.
It All has lain me, brought me off my things
and landed in a lump, a hunch this
will have me such a thing as ornaments change.

I have lasted, it has lidden my life.
Witness sucked away up the socket of a shaft
then the light cuts away, corners off, threatens void
and I will light all myself now on.

ATTEMPTS AT THE LOOK

In the Mystery of Windows Hall
where the larger leaches, destructions, hang away
we canter the blame thing from beam to end
cranking like Sousas, the knife
for to scour, pianissimo fine

Aisle of magnet, eye on strata, goes
into the, whatever you think of it, trust song
egging on encrusting the tunnel strays, appears
glad as making wax, a tornado on a stool
stems back, comes to

But the hand goes in a pirate and the planet is axed
thought out meanly down the middle, night from light
before you a sun that hasn't made up its
band of listeners sapped and treating heels
the marvels they were brought

I think then this is all a cubicle problem
a nothing but to do it for it white night amass
where ribbons when harpoons crease the ivory trash
the moon trills, the apes in store, the meaning seems
all of a penetrant masking only

CARPACCIO'S ST. AUGUSTINE

All his things arrayed shelved across squares in a vault too big
for books

and an almost invisible sizzly dog at the foot on the plat, but
he straights at his scribe, back stiff along scarlet lines

Is this measure space, widens for arena thought?

The books are tiny ornaments way across there, so does
his focus cube huge?

The Areaway of Meditant Light caught in a noon
where matched things erase and blooden the ease
he blocks this time of light as far as we know to the right
later crossings will house the words

THE LATE END ON A BAFFLE

The barrier's about as Roman as you needle
but who was the self you lost by hiding here?
As if stripping a belt from your coffee in the seed rack
morning, you eyed strict Hadrian over mounds of
fountain pipe piles, nobody's shed a tear for *your* eyes

The elephant who made his living lifting a column
for those who still knew the prime prism Egyptian
even in this town where the discus is just a chip off
and waters rumble halls nobody's mumble remembers
that beast knowing of matter owns to stone eyes stoned
and raises the wave of sense still no matter the carrier

It's totally hard to throw when the stroke says own
so you shout through the wall instead of marrying in its shade
the genetic trespass of onyx and vacuum, or a coiled
map of Rome

SONG THEN BOLTS

These heavy doors
and everybody's gone to sleep
but this keeps on writing
rain slicing, nothing
since one thunder ago
the volume of it rising
like heat come on
But step back
a pour or a wind?
Could a tree be the ocean's bottle?

Here Home is heavy inwards
stone and wood as if solidity
swung slow at mere touch
landings where everything lives
tunes the light and erases
all the lines from your dreams

All I am is a poet
reduced from totality sauce
to everything loose again
and the trees number my nails
in abatement, hungry
lingering statement



One thousand copies printed October, 1989 by Thomson-Shore, Dexter, Michigan. Typeset by The F.W. Roberts Company, Belfast, Maine.

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Artwork by Jim Dine appears courtesy of Pace Editions, The Pace Gallery, New York.

Sept Passages de la Vie d'une Femme, by Jacqueline Risset, was first published in 1985 by Flammarion.

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o·blēk is published semi-annually in April and
November.

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A JOURNAL OF LANGUAGE ARTS



\$5.50

ISSN: 0896-3053